# The TATLER

Vol. CLVI. No. 2029

London May 15, 1940



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you want to get fresh and alert you must correct that acidity.

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# THE TATLER

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LONDON • MAY 15 • 1940

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H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE WITH MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW G. L. McNAUGHTON AT ALDERSHOT

A picture which may well be of historic value, taken on the occasion of the recent visit of the Governor-General designate and Princess Alice to the Canadian troops now in the Aldershot Command. Major-General McNaughton, the Dominion's most distinguished soldier-scientist is G.O.C. the Canadian Expeditionary Force. He rose to be chief of Canada's General Staff in 1929. The Earl of Athlone's appointment, in succession to the late Lord Tweedsmuir, was announced on April 4



# The Social Round

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or fay or think or dream, Our motley paper feizes for its theme"

The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709



LORD EBBISHAM'S GRANDSON CHRISTENED

St. George's, Hanover Square, recently was the scene of the christening of the son of Captain the Hon. Guy Russell, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Russell. Present at the ceremony were (l. to r.): Lady Ebbisham, Lord Ampthill, Captain Russell's brother who was a godfather, the Dowager Lady Ampthill, the Hon. Mrs. Russell with the child who was named James Rowland, and Lord Ebbisham, Mrs. Russell's father who as Sir Rowland Blades was a notable and popular Lord Mayor of London in 1926–1927

#### The Red Cross Sale at Christie's

Will American readers generously instruct friends or pet dealers by air mail to buy something at the great Red Cross Sale at Christie's on June 10? Objets d'art have been given to every department. Lady Cambridge and Constance, Duchess of Westminster, report an amazing response in their sector—jewels and gems—while Sir Hugh Walpole has wheedled innumerable fantastic treasures for the book and MSS. chest. Sir Eric MacLagan is taking care of furniture, etc., and Mr. "Bogey" Harris, who replaced Sir Edwin Lutyens (now happily convalescent) has assembled a gallery of good pictures. Sir Courtauld Thomson, who made his name in the Red Cross in the Great War, was rubbing his hands on the doorstep the day the Queen took a preview in Park Lane. Another Scottish donor, Sir Kay Muir, has given three English tapestries from Blair Drummond. Impossible to list a fraction of the catalogue. and needless to say Queen Mary has graciously helped the cause in no small measure.

#### Letter from the Welsh Border

"Ours is literally a potato patch now the local racecourse has ceased to function. Nothing but Red Cross sewing parties! The most sympathetic are Mrs. Edward Herbert's at Trebencyn, and the nice (Colonel) Godfrey

Sweden, Lion of the North,' and it was fun meeting such an amazing character-the authoress, not Charles XII! She commanded a regiment of five hundred women in Russia in 1917, which makes my own part in two wars seem very colourlessknitting and now W.V.S.! Every one has taken to the new Lady Tredegar who is charming to older people, uses very little make-up and no nail varnish in the country - so tactful. Evan looks years younger and positively fat. Their house is in curlpapersbutthey still have some

Llewellyn's. They gave a last dance a few weeks ago. These 'last' occasions are rather trying for us elders who saw it through before. Three neighbours have lost their sons; the Storeys of Bishopwood, and the village policeman, and our butcher. They set a wonderful example of fortitude. Mrs. Edmund Bevan, who is on the reserve of nurses for Monmouth Hospital, has had interesting people at Hilston Park, as usual. Princess Almedingen was staying there, and two other writers - that brilliant recluse Hugh Kingsmill (am reading his brother Arnold Lunn's new book, 'Whither Europe?') and Percy Colson. I liked Princess A's last book, Charles XII of weekenders; Lord Annaly was there. "For mental stimulation I rely on Shane Leslie's 'Occasional News Letter for Lonely Women,' constantly marvelling at his versatility, and for æsthetic relaxation one has the garden (mostly vegetables!) and an occasional glimpse of the Charles Liddell's superlative collection of Chinese at Shirenewton Hall. Over at Brecon the Combermeres are talking of selling their caravan owing to the petrol problem, and of living in the Cotswold country. Lord C. is very quiet and outdoor, a good sportsman, and has the bluest eyes ever seen in a man's head."

#### Shropshire and Scotland

When the Princess Royal went to Shropshire last month to inspect A.R.P. and so through the alphabet to V.A.D.s, they expected her to be rather formal and shy and consequently remote, but not at all; she was so human and even humorous that all unit-came to feel about her as Yorkshire feels—"She's champion."

Her Royal Highness has endorsed a Girl Guide Gift Week idea. From May 19 to May 25 every Girl Guide is asked to give half a day's earnings, or pocket money, for an air ambulance and a lifeboat, costing £15,000 each. With characteristic thrift Scottish Guides



COUNTRY CHRISTENING

In the front row of this picture taken after the christening at Shenley Parish Church of John Julian, son of Major and Mrs. L. E. Cotterell, are (l. to r.): Major Cotterell, Anthony Tennant, Mrs. Cotterell, Lady Rose Bligh (Mrs. Cotterell's daughter by her first marriage to Lord Darnley), Janet Hamilton, Nanny with John Julian, Mark Tennant and Captain J. Tennant. Behind are the Rev. J. M. Wheeler (who officiated), Colonel T. Gregory, M.C., R.A. (O.C. Major Cotterell's gunner unit), the Hon. Mrs. Radcliff, Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. David Crawley, and Mrs. Essex Drury



AT A COMMITTEE MEETING FOR THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE BALL

This ball which, like its predecessor, is for the sadly deprived débutantes is to be held at Hurlingham on June 14. In the above group are Mr. Desmond Leslie, nephew of Mr. Seymour Leslie who is organizing the ball, Lady Jowitt in the uniform of the M.T.C. in which she is a driver, Miss Penelope Jowitt and Mr. Seymour Leslie

began collecting long since; in Midlothian Mrs. Alexander Cowan began it. In Peeblesshire Lady Hay of Haystoun, who likes the social round, is running all the entertainments in aid of war charities. She had a concert at Haystoun last week; Thelma Reiss played the 'cello. Even unmusical members of the county appreciated the surroundings. Haystoun is a

white harled house, comfortably modern inside, with an uphill view. Carberry has been open for a different purpose, but the rains came on both its Daffodil Sundays. Lord Elphinstone pointed out the ravages of frost.

Lady Dysart's daughters, who are newcomers in those parts - their mother bought Stobo last year -looked neat at the last Musselburgh meeting. The next, on July 20, will do its best to be the Scottish Goodwood, especially as there will be no Goodwood in the right place. July seems far ahead in wartime, and no one can say how many young men will still be available. A welcome new one at Glencourse is the late Harry Rosslyn's youngest son, David St. Clair Erskine, godson of Mrs. Eddy Johnston whose husband was adjutant at the Royal Scots depot before the Great War.

From Argyllshire I hear petrol rationing spells isolation:

distances are so great between neighbours. Sir Ian Malcolm, who sincerely enjoyed the winter at Poltalloch, made a recent descent on London. Sir Thomas Ainsworth (brother of the late Jean Massereene who will always be missed) has settled at Ardanaiseig with his wife, for the duration, and Major Sir Douglas Hall has dug in at Craig, where he wintered with Nancie and their youthful son and heir.

#### Letter from a Provincial Gentleman

"The Powers that Be are by way of taking over this house, and one of my other lodges as hospitals. You would have been amused at the process. First, a delightful doctor came from Dundee, counted the bathrooms, was perfectly charming, expressed himself enchanted with the whole place and between our mutual bows of farewell assured me it was so exactly what they wanted that I should doubtless hear personally from the Secretary of State immediately. Nothing happened for over a month, during which we reverted to our usual state of coma, replaced a few knick-knacks in

the vitrines, and as the Provincial Lady would put it—bravely stood by.

"Then quite suddenly a second doctor arrived, this time from Glasgow, and said he, too, had been sent by the Department of Health. He equally was quite charming and proceeded to inspect the house, count the bathrooms, etc.; finally arriving at precisely the



Also at the Queen Charlotte Ball Committee Meeting

Lady Claud Hamilton who took the chair at this committee meeting for the Queen Charlotte Hospital midsummer ball, brought her daughter by her first marriage, Miss Pamela Newall, and with them is Miss Esmée Harmsworth who is Lord Rothermere's granddaughter and a 1940 débutante

same figure as I had originally stated. This seemed to strike him as unusual to a degree, and furthermore rather suspicious, as if he had diagnosed a good many cases of embezzlement by proprietors. It was evidently held expedient to call in the services of a presumably impartial official, this time from Edinburgh, reinforced by a staff of one surgeon and one

engineer. After the regulation interval for rest and recuperation, these duly appeared, and repeated the customary routine followed closely by myself, my factor and the estate joiner, who are now getting the hang of the game. I should add that the department prefixed the last visitation by a request that the plans of the house might be available, to which my factor replied with impeccable courtesy that he would be only too glad to have them ready, if the original official - the Dundeewallah - would kindly return same.

"I suppose they do get offered all sorts of unsuitable places, and that there is some method in their madness, but at a first glance the process seems just a shade wasteful to the befogged lay mind."

And Lord Breadalbane writes from Perthshire that since he went to see the Ministry of Supply with a deputation of depressed sheep





PRIVATE VIEW DAY AT THE ACADEMY—(LEFT) THE HON. KATHLEEN MOTTISTONE WITH LORD AND LADY MOTTISTONE: (RIGHT) MR. AND MRS. ALFRED BOSSOM

Lord Mottistone's daughter by his first marriage has had a sketch hung in this year's exhibition at Burlington House. Lord Mottistone's first wife died in 1913. Mr. Bossom, the Member for Maidstone, lives at that lovely place Allington Castle, near Maidstone. It was restored by the late Lord Conway of Allington who died in 1937

#### The Social Round-(continued)

farmers, many more Scottish sheep farmers have been compelled to give up.

#### A Theatrical Budget

Though London theatres, like Scotch sheep, are doing badly, we must look on the bright side—King Lear for example, where family parties improving their memories included Alan Napier's authoress sister-in-law, Elizabeth Sprigge, who wrote the play Elizabeth of Austria among other good things. A daughter of the late Sir Squire Sprigge of Lancet fame, she has the necessary background for a successful literary career—namely, medicine.

The smartest audiences are divided between the Henson show (Lord and Lady Louis, Adrienne Allen and husband) and New Faces which "Bea" Lillie with Sir Robert Peel and Walter Crisham, Margaret Vyner with the Mosenthals, Mrs. Robin Wilson and Robin Grant-Lawson saw on the same night, when strangers shared the few available taxis, racecourse fashion.

The Hulberts were easily amused by the Cochran show, after which second helping we found the Four Hundred packed with paying guests unknown to us, except cheerful "Bungy" Reeves, once known as "the deb's delight," and the Alex Barclays who look nice dancing together, both six foot. But Le Suivi remains smartest—there I saw Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké in a party with Mrs. Harriman, Mr. Proctor and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Thornton; the Howlands together and, back from New York and on her way to the south of France, Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright who stopped off in London to see her young son.

At the Leicester Square Cinema, where deanna Durbin's rendering of "Loch Deanna Durbin's rendering of "Loch Lomond" brings tears to every cheek, including her own, there is an authentic documentary of mine sweeping in the North Sea, photographed, produced and presented by Jack Rutherford, brother of D'Arcy, assisted by Frank Cadman who turned the second camera. The Ministry of Information turned it down. Perhaps this amateur effort was not expensive enough. Anyway, the Ministry of Information is making its own mine-sweeping picture. But nothing could be better than Major Rutherford's shots of mines going up with the same foamy innocence as an avalanche in mid-career. Unfortunately the commentary refers only to Nazi outrages. Were the Germans not guilty? Before "Haw-Haw" answers that one we make our escape to Studio One where the greatest of all Guitry pictures—Ils Étaient Neuf Célibataires has the greatest cast I have ever seen, including the legendary Max Dearly and Leon Morton. Ask mamma about these actors and she will 'You should have been young in 1908." Yet they are as good as ever. Doubtless we shall become equally nostalgic about the two decades between the German wars-we of the entre-guerre generation. Guitry and his pretty new wife were rapturously received in Brussels where they appeared in aid of Belgian families who are suffering through mobilization of their men. The diplomats escaped from their chancelleries to this "belle soirée," during which Sacha told stories about his father, and others about Oscar Wilde.

#### The Arts in Ireland

The country which gave Wilde to the world is bristling with near geniuses, judging by the number of art shows visited by my Dublin correspondents who praised William (war artist) Conor and Charles Lamb extravagantly. The former's studies of very poor people,

digging potatoes and such like, sound both ennobling and technically interesting. Jack Hanlon and Eugene Judge, both trained in Paris, are showing together elsewhere. Jack Hanlon is really Father Hanlon, the more mature artist of the two. Mainie Jellett shows in no less than four Dublin exhibitions, including "The White Star Group" which includes English, Scots, Irish, French and Hungarian artists. The most social P.V. was Frances Kelly's. She is the young wife of Patrick Boland, Under Secretary to the Department of External Affairs.

More artistic lights signalled at the Abbey first night of Elizabeth Connor's prizewinning Mount Prospect. Lord Longford, on holiday from Longford Productions at the Gate, was with his wife whose book on Shelley is coming out in a few weeks—a well-

is coming out in a few weeks-a welltimed corollary to Betty Askwith's on The author - poet Brindsley McNamara; the poet-director of the Abbey, F. R. Higgins; the aforementioned Charles Lamb whose painting school in Connemara attracts visitors from all over the world; John Keating who has pictures in the present Hibernian Academy; Arthur Duff who writes music for the Irish ballet; the Lennox Robinsons and Mrs. W. B. Yeats were also there. Mrs. Yeats is Dublin's most inveterate first-nighterthe local Eddie Marsh. Her son grows more and more like the drawings of "W. B." as a young man. The Robinsons are an interesting pair. She paints and he writes plays, of which Drama at Inish did well in London. Dublin seems to have fewer morons among the "going about" section of the community than any modern city. But we cannot all be there. To London lightweights I recommend Derek Hill's "Pictures Painted in France" at the Reid



Like the one in the above picture this one also took place at Chelsea Old Church. The bridegroom is in a lancer regiment and the bride was Miss Rosemary Hope Heale, the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. W. Heale, and stepdaughter of Mrs. Heale, of Silton House, Gillingham, Dorset. Mr. William Pulteney who is in the bridegroom's regiment was best man

and Lefèvre Gallery. Balletomanes will recall his settings and dresses for the Lord of Burleigh at Sadler's Wells. Captain Molyneux, Lady (Tilly) Carnarvon, Lady Elizabeth von Hoffmanstahl, Lady Scarsdale and John Sutro have pictures by young Hill.

#### Bridge for Comforts and Finland

The Lady Mayoress's tireless efforts were successful yet again at the double-session bridge party which she organized. The Finland Fund and her own Comforts League benefited fifty-fifty. There was a prize for every table, and to ensure comforts for the guests the Lady Mayoress supervised the catering herself. The Mansion House drawing-rooms were open to players and the flower decorations remarked on by every one.



Engaged and Married on the Same Day— Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Seymour

Leaving Chelsea Old Church on May 6 after a marriage in the true cavalry spirit. Mrs. Seymour is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Leatham, and Mr. Patrick Leatham who is in the same cavalry regiment as the bridegroom, was best man

The Lady Mayoress received at both sessions wearing tucked dark blue satin and black with a jewelled bodice respectively. Madame Gripenberg made a speech during the afternoon which proved most crowded, and among those marking cards I noticed Mrs. Donough O'Brien, Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme, Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart, Miss Angela Ely, Mrs. Vernon Tate and Mrs. Bruce.

#### Here and There

At a crowded causerie, which seems to have got into its wartime stride, recent lunchers included Mrs. Anthony Stocker (Peta Davies) and that popular racing dowager Enid, Lady Chesterfield who was making one of her rare visits to the metropolis.

On a Belisha crossing near Eros—Rex Harrison, complete with eyeglass, driving himself and sounding his horn wildly, which impatience netted him nothing as the pedestrians continued to cross dans les clous.

In Park Lane—Dame Clara Novello, Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower and Mrs. Digby Wyatt discussing the ball at the Dorchester on June 1 for the Forces musical instruments fund.

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SIR VICTOR WARRENDER AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AT THE POLISH PAY PARTY

Lady Warrender organized this Polish Comforts Fund Pay Party at Jules Hotel. Sir Victor Warrender, the Member for Grantham, is Financial Secretary at the Admiralty



Mr. John Warrender and Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys Warrender is Sir Victor and Lady Warrender's eldest son and is s

Mr. Warrender is Sir Victor and Lady Warrender's eldest son and is serving in the armed forces. He was aiding and abetting his parents at this Polish Comforts Fund Pay Party which Lady Warrender organized. Miss Dresselhuys is Lord Kemsley's step-daughter



Also at Lady Warrender's Polish Pay Party Last Week

The Duchess of Westminster and Major W. J. Horton who were two more
of the supporters at Lady Warrender's Polish Comforts Fund Party

#### NIGHT LIFE



Mr. AND Mrs. H. D. NIVEN—A RECENT BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM
Mr. "Max" Niven, brother of the famous film star David of that
ilk, was married about three weeks ago. Mrs. Niven was formerly
Miss Doreen Platt



SIR GILES AND LADY LODER SUPPING "A DEU" ONE NIGHT Sir Giles Loder, who succeeded his grandfather the second baronet, is a kinsman of that great Turf celebrity Lieutenant-Colonel Giles Loder the owner of peerless Pretty Polly, Spearmint and Spion Kop, amongst many others

## THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

"THE play pleased not the million," said Hamlet. Whereas the whole point of any film is that it must please the million. How a play shall at once suit the critical palate and not prove caviare to the general taste is the eternal difficulty. People have been asking me why since Hollywood can have such an enormous success with Gone with the Wind, which is a film about a minx, English producers should not make a film out of that great English novel, "Vanity Fair," which also has a minx for heroine. The answer is that Becky Sharp is a minx who also happens to be a lady, whereas Scarlett O'Hara is a minx who is no lady.

It is a fact which must be universally admitted, that part of the playgoer's delight in playgoing is to see himself as the hero or heroine of whatever is being played. I myself as a boy was never happier than when I was identifying myself with Charles Surface and refusing to sell my Uncle Oliver's portrait, or when I was mounting the scaffold as Charles I or as Sidney Carton. Nowadays my taste in playgoing has necessarily changed, and I am able to see myself as Falstaff or as the old

gentleman in Tchehov who lives on valerian and desperately wants to have another fling in Moscow. I have no doubt that hundreds of thousands of the young men who go to the cinema have pictured themselves as Douglas Fairbanks boarding frigates and leaping out of casements on to the backs of horses making flying starts, and that legions of manicurists have been able to tolerate the day's boredom only with the knowledge that at night they can identify themselves with a lady-of-sorts in a Cairo dive singing Spanish love songs to blond sailors from Northern climes. The reason why a film made out of Thackaray's novel can never be a world success is that Becky's manners are just not to be imitated, whereas Scarlett's are to be seen any day in our beauty parlours which are all of them full of pretty creatures ready at a minute's notice to flounce and play the madam underneath the arc-lights.

Now and again one comes upon a subject which strikes a happy medium, a good type of theme being that in which high-class and anyhow expensively-dressed people behave in a low-class way. The question of clothes is immensely important, as anybody must realize who has seen any gangster films. Deprive the gangster of his well-cut suit, and his young woman of her fox furs and diamond bracelets. and this kind of film would at once go out of fashion. This, by the way, is something which the combined intelligence of my friends, Mr. Ernest Newman and Mr. Giles Playfair, have not perceived in the course of their present quarrel about The If I may take a Opera. belated hand in the argument it will be to say that Nigel Playfair was sufficiently a man of the world to know that the public would not come to see a dirty and smelly eighteenthcentury London. If we are all for realism and want to know how this piece must be dressed, then for Peachum, Lockit, and Polly we must read Jonathan Wild, Blueskin, and

#### Clothes and the Pictures

Laetitia Snap. The substitution made, we can then read Fielding's description of the last named: "Her lovely hair hung wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from, powder; a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin . . . she likewise displayed two pretty feet, covered with silk and adorned with lace, and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue riband; the left, as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff which seemed to have been a strip of her under-petticoat." Let a film be made of The Beggar's Opera, and I venture to think that if people are to be got to see it Nigel Playfair's way is the right way. Whereby in the present contest I declare Mr. Giles Playfair to be the winner pragmatically, and Mr. Newman aesthetically!

The film at the Embassy called *L'Epervier* makes no such mistakes. It is beautifully dressed. But then it was beautifully dressed



"THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE"

James Cain's best selling, hard-hitting novel which started a whole school of American "tough" writing has had to be transplanted to France to find a producer unsqueamish enough to put its slice of life in the raw on to the screen. The title has now become Le Dernier Tournant and the setting of the film is the South of France. Corinne Luchaire, here seen panickly telephoning an ambulance after failing to murder her elderly, respectable café proprietor husband (Michel Simon), is in the lead with Fernand Gravet, star of Trois Valses as her disreputable lover, and the film came to the Embassy. Tottenham Court Road just before Whitsun

when I saw the original play in Paris twenty years ago. To this day I can recall that exquisite actress, Mlle. Vera Sergine, taking a broken-down penniless lover to the bosom of her latest Schiaparelli model of that day, and later on discussing expiatory emigration to Russia in mid-winter in silk stockings and a skirt knee high. The plot remains interesting in the light it throws on comparative morality. A gentleman cheats at cards for his living, being driven thereto by want. Want, he explains, consists in the absence of real money, his wife's jewels being worth no more than some £50,000. So he forces his wife to cheat, She falls in love with another young gentleman and decides to cheat no more. They go away together; the husband takes to drugs, and, no longer playing at the card table, is reduced to want. It appears that he only cheated for his wife's sake and because he loved her! So she comes back to her husband, and together they go out to manage an ostrich farm, or something of the sort, at a hefty salary provided by some charitable millionaire. From this we gather that it is, or was, moral in France for a husband to cheat at cards, pro-

vided he does it for love; and moral for a wife to run away, provided she runs back again. Such a plot is magnificently suited to screen requirements. Even I, who at bridge prefer playing sixpence a hundred to a shilling, am thrilled to the marrow by the gambler who is forced to cheat at poker in order to provide a lovely wife with pearl necklaces. M. Charles Boyer and Mlle. Natalie Paley enact this exciting and dramatic nonsense to admiration.

Another admirable performance in the course of this week's poorish crop of films has been given by Mr. Will Fyffe in They Came by Night at the London Pavilion. This film is another adaptation from a play, the original being Mr. Barré Lyndon's piece of the same name which was produced a year or two ago with Mr. Owen Nares in the leading part. It makes a thoroughly exciting hour and a half though its plot seems to me to have one strikingly loose end. What I want to know is who refunds to the Amsterdam jeweller the four thousand pounds he has paid to Mr. Fyffe for the false ruby, Mr. Fyffe having handed back the real one to the police? But perhaps films ought not to be followed as closely as I appear to have followed this one!

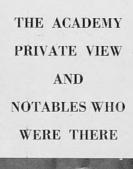
News is to hand that a Hollywood concern called Classical Films is to begin work immediately on a film of Hamlet, followed soon after by screen versions of Macbeth and Ben Jonson's Volpone. I confess that the prospect fills me with a certain amount of doubt which will only be resolved when I see whether what Hollywood is going to give us is Shakespeare or just Hollywood's notion of Shake-speare. "There is a willow grows aslant a brook," says the Queen in Is Hollywood going to Hamlet. record the Queen saying this, or is it going to photograph some film star's bathing-pool with a lot of bubbles and Miss Vivien Leigh as Ophelia coming up for the third time?

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MR. S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH, R.A., DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., AND MRS. LAMORNA BIRCH

Mr. Lamorna Birch's "Winter's Song" is one of the notable pictures in this year's Academy. He has been an R.A. since 1934. Dame Laura Knight, one of whose pictures topped the popular poll in the winter British Artists' Exhibition, is showing several winter landscapes, including one of a land girl at work in the snow which is reproduced on page 260 of this issue





MISS URSULA McCANNELL

At sixteen Miss McCannell is one of the youngest of this year's exhibitors. Her "Souls in Torment" has attracted considerable attention both from critics and the public



MR. CHARLES WHEELER, NEW R.A. THIS YEAR, AND MRS. WHEELER

An important feature of this year's Academy is the bronze group by Mr. Charles Wheeler—designed for the Jellicoe Memorial Fountain in Trafalgar Square. The erection of this and the companion group by Mr. W. McMillan, R.A., for the Beatty Memorial has had to be postponed by the war



LADY KENNET AND HER YOUNGER SON

Wife of the famous explorer, the late Captain Scott, who lost his life in the Antarctic, married en secondes noces, Lord Kennet. Lady Kennet, as the world knows, is a sculptress of great distinction. Her elder son, Mr. Peter Scott, is very well known as a painter of birds and a frequent Academy exhibitor



Twin Artists: Mrs. Rothenstein and Miss Peggy Fitzgerald

They have brought off an Academy double, as they have each two pictures in this year's exhibition at Burlington House



MORE TWINS: MISS RAY AND .
MISS PEGGY FULLER

Miss Ray Fuller appears more often than any one else in this year's exhibition at Burlington House, and figures in the work of twelve artists, and also as the original of the "Bronze Mermaid" in the Jellicoe Memorial Group by Charles Wheeler, R.A. THE TATLER [No. 2029, May 15, 1940



THE RACE FOR THE NEW ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS—GODIVA (WINNER) ON LEFT

Mr. Esmond Harmsworth's nice filly by Hyperion, the winner of the 1933 Derby and Leger, won the New One Thousand absolutely as she liked, and taking the lead at the end of the rails, finished five lengths in front of the much-fancied Golden Penny, another Hyperion filly, owned by Lord Astor. Golden Penny started at 11 to 8 on, and Godiva, ridden by D. Marks, at 10 to 1 against. Golden Penny (No. 2) is seen leading the second bunch

ACK of transport facilities will affect adversely any meeting at Newmarket under present conditions. The racing on every day of Guineas week was absolutely tirst rate, but with the exception of Two Thousand day very few people turned up and you can't wonder at it. Of course, folks like you and me and Prince Monolulu, would manage to arrive in time for the first race if they held the meeting in the Shetland Islands, but not every one is as enthusiastic, or as regular in their attendance as we are, and though people will continue to flock to accessible places like Newbury, Hurst Park and Ally Pally, they just can't make Newmarket, which is one of the most un-get-at-able spots in the British Isles. Only one special train runs from London and that leaves at cock crow, in other words at 10.15, and lands you at Newmarket at approximately 12 o'clock. The first race doesn't start till 2 p.m. and if any one who hasn't got a girl friend living in the vicinity can think of a satisfactory way of whiling away those two hours, he's a cleverer man than I am. Which reminds me, every man I met under seventyfive, and one or two were older, wanted to know the name of the blonde with long hair dressed in a grey coat and skirt. As I have mentioned before the July course does not afford a very good view of the racing, but the chaps didn't give a hoot about not being able to see the horse they'd backed, so long as they were getting an eyeful of that blonde. I have always thought that racecourse companies were remiss in not having a number of attractive women on the free list. A go-ahead racecourse like Ally Pally might indulge in a little propaganda something after this style: "You can't see the start, but you can see the Hornsey Rise glamour girls."

Newmarket is, of course, very conservative and I can't see Mr. Marriott taking kindly to such an innovation. I still think, though, that it would be a good idea. I suppose I'm getting old and foolish, but there's nothing makes me forget backing a loser quicker than a good-looking blonde. I've strayed a long way from the subject of Newmarket, and its inaccessibility, but unless you live near King's Cross, and not being an Indian student I don't live near King's Cross, you don't get home till nearly eight o'clock. I'm assuming, of course, that you've gone by train, and have not

# RACING RAGOUT

BY "REGULAR"

jeopardized your soul and your country's chance of beating Germany and got extra petrol, and used your car. Newmarket boasts that it lies within sixty miles of the West End of London, and so it may do if you penetrate the labyrinth of the City and the East End of London, but no one but a raving lunatic would go that way, and viâ the Barnet By Pass and Royston it's over seventy, and might be 700, with a petrol allowance of ten gallons a month.

I suppose the grass, like their horses, must be tougher in France than it is in England, for they race once a week and sometimes twice at Longchamps all through the season, and the course always looks as fresh as a daisy. Suggest that we should have a few days extra racing on any particular course in England, and a number of old gentlemen will either blow up or faint, it all depends on whether their blood pressure is high or low. Elaborate precautions were taken that the extra day's racing will not prove injurious to the July course, and the clerk of the course had a lot of good clean fun, first sending them down to post one way, and then another. He caught me out every time, for wherever I stood to watch them canter down, they always went the other way.

I am afraid that our so-called classic fillies are every bit as moderate as our colts, and the abject failure of Golden Penny, who was talked of as the best filly we'd seen for years and stones in front of the colts, was a bitter blow. Lord Astor's filly is certainly a sight for sore eyes, for a lovelier filly I've seldom seen, but when it came to racing she was no match for the neat little lady Godiva, who on Middle Park Stakes running was just over weight for sex behind Tant Mieux and another ten pounds behind Djebel. Both Godiva and

Golden Penny are by Lord Derby's grand little Derby and Leger winner, Hyperion, who is proving himself every bit as good a stallion as he was a race-horse. Earlier in the week Golden Penny's own brother, Quick Ray, put up a capital performance when winning the Chippenham Stakes from a good field including last year's Derby second, Fox Cub, who was in receipt of six pounds. As a three-year-old Quick Ray was a disappointment but he always struck me as a colt who needed time and who would be a far better four-year-old than he was a threeyear-old. Maybe his sister Golden Penny takes after him. Godiva is the first steed of distinction that Mr. Esmond Harmsworth has owned. A very busy man, he is seldom seen on a racecourse.

Godiva's victory redounds great credit on two people—her trainer, Willie Jarvis, and the stable apprentice, Marks. From early days the filly gave evidence of becoming incorrigible. From the moment she was led on to a race-course she would switch her tail and behave as if she hated everything to do with racing, while she was almost unmanageable at the gate, and at Sandown she was left altogether. The curious part was that if she could be induced to leave the gate she would race as gamely as possible, though continuing to switch her tail which, in nine cases out of ten, is the outward and visible sign of a jade.

Jarvis discovered as the summer proceeded that Godiva was far more tractable when ridden by "the boy what did her," and so he entrusted Marks with the handling of her in the Stud Produce Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting, and lo and behold she upset the odds laid on Gordon Richards's mount, Snowberry. So well did the seventeen-year-old Marks acquit himself that Mr. Harmsworth agreed to let him ride his filly in all her future races. Under the boy's tuition Godiva has shed all her bad habits bar one and the starter, Captain Allison, told me that she did not give the least trouble at the gate before the One Thousand. She still switches her tail, and what a tail it is, as through being continually whirled around it has shed practically all its hairs.

O. G.

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### AT THE KILDARE HUNT BALL, HELD IN DUBLIN



SIR FRANCIS BROOKE AND MRS. T. O. JAMESON
Sir Francis Brooke is a former Master of the Kildare and
one of the committee at present hunting the country,
and Mrs. Jameson is the famous Irish artist



A Group of Riding Talent at the Ball (Left to right) Young Aubrey Brabazon, crack Irish 'chasing jockey and son of the trainer of "Jack Chaucer," who won the Red Cross 'Chase and the Irish Grand National; Miss Constance Briscoe, well known with the Tara Harriers; Mr. Waring Wills, a very good G.R.; and Miss Anne Chute



Mrs. Spencer Freeman, Mrs. Lavelle and Captain Spencer Freeman

All Kildare well-knowns, Mrs. Lavelle being the wife of one of Dublin's most famous surgeons; Captain Spencer Freeman is an owner and poloplayer, and his wife is also a prominent pillar of the Irish Turf

They still manage to have hunt balls in Ireland, but "the dear" only knows when we will be able to have any more on our side of the Channel. Dublin's famous Gresham was the tryst for this Kildare revel, and a big success it was from all accounts. A committee has hunted the country since 1934, and one of its members is seen at the top. The others with Sir Francis Brooke are Mr. Claude Odlum and Major C. Mitchell, a former Joint-Master



SIR GEORGE AND LADY MAHON Poole, Dublin (BELOW) W. T. O'GRADY, THE JOCKEY, AND THE HON.

MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY

Sir George Mahon's seat is in Co. Galway, but he lives mostly in Dublin. Mrs. Wellesley is the wife of the wellknown Kildare trainer, a half-brother of Lord Cowley



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

A Delightful Reprint.

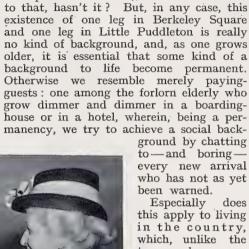
HILDREN born of parents with diametrically opposed views of what constitutes the fundamentals of a happy background to life are by no means to be envied. The inherited emotions of one or other of their forebears are always tugging at them, first this way, then another. So that, as a rule, they are restless with that restlessness which knows what it wants to find, but, once found, is still dissatisfied. My own parents were a case in point. My father, born and bred in the country, never wanted to leave where he was bred and born. My mother's idea of a blissful background

In the in-between, wherein you are allowed to live, an inner satisfaction with the smaller mercies becomes one among the ultimate triumphs of life. Yes, it has come down to that, hasn't it? But, in any case, this existence of one leg in Berkeley Square and one leg in Little Puddleton is really no kind of background, and, as one grows older, it is essential that some kind of a background to life become permanent.

Otherwise we resemble merely payingguests: one among the forlorn elderly who grow dimmer and dimmer in a boardinghouse or in a hotel, wherein, being a permanency, we try to achieve a social back-

every new arrival who has not as yet

accorded reserve.



this apply to living in the country, which, unlike the town, where anybody can pass muster, demands of its neighbours at least ten years' rési-dence before a final acceptance is without Speaking personally, the bane of village life, if you are a stranger, are



relations; but in a village, almost before you have begun to hum unconsciously that hymn about "Peace, Perfect Peace," the vicar is on your doorstep, to be followed by everyone within easy popping-in distance; most of the inhabitants, in fact, except those with whom you want most of all to be friendly—the other cottage folk themselves. For the chances are that with the former a little learning has become a very boring thing; while, at least with the latter, the little wisdom, maybe, which life and hardship and nature herself have taught them is, nevertheless, a lovely, satisfying subject. Which in itself is just the difference between the poor of the city and the poor of the countryside. That is why the townsman's contempt for the mentality of the yokel is just about the silliest conviction which has ever sprung from urban education. If it were not for the slower mentality of the countryman, whose life and labour have at least taught him sanity within their limitations, we should now be led by the scatter-brains of cranky and typical town councils.

As Mr. A. G. Street writes in his delightful book, "Country Calendar," now included by his publishers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, in their five-shilling "Country Library" series—and it contains Mr. Lionel Edwards' perfect illustrations as well--" There is always one thing which cheers me-whatever happens, the land will remain. . . It is the permanence of the land of England which cheers me in these days." And in the wisdom of the true-born countryman

there is something of that permanence which few townsmen, with so many ideas pushed into their heads and so few facts, can never even begin to understand, since, so they say to themselves, how foolish it must be, with so little money in it and so much hard work! Be that as it may, it was not long after I had begun to revel in Mr. Street's book that the backside of the modern luxury flats faded into the distance of an ugly memory, and I seemed actually to be living on a Wiltshire farm, surrounded by all that charming countryside which is so typically Wiltshire, and sharing the author's pleasures and anxieties; listening to his country and farming lore, and enjoying every page, every paragraph, as if it somehow or other belonged to my own life.

You must remember that I had not read the book before. Although it is not a new one, having been published five years ago, I came across it this week for the first time, this new edition of it being the publisher's excuse for sending it to me. I thank them for doing so, because otherwise I might never have come across it, brand-new books, of necessity, playing so large—too (Continued on page 254)



AT THE FRIENDS OF THE FRENCH FORCES LUNCH

Alice Delysia, the guest of honour, Violet, Lady Melchett and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Henley at this luncheon at the Savoy last week. Delysia has done so much for not only the troops of her own country but for those of ours that the place of guest of honour was most fittingly bestowed. Lady Melchett is the widow of the late peer and the Hon. Mrs. Henley an aunt of Lord Stanley of Alderley

was, metaphorically speaking, the Bayswater Road on a fine day. Consequently, I myself am always perpetually torn between a yearning to live alone in the more remote depths of the countryside and, alternately in emotion, believing I can only breathe mentally within half a mile of Piccadilly. Consequently Fate, ever ready to punish us for any wrong we have not willingly committed, while ignoring any virtue to which we may have attained, has planted me at last in neither the country nor the town, but with the backside of a huge block of modern luxury flats for my outwardly contemplative gaze to dream upon! Do I care? Yes, I do! There are moments when I feel that all I want to look at is a cow slowly chewing its cud in a water-meadow! Or, on the other hand, that view across Green Park, looking towards Whitehall, which in a certain dim light has something of the loveliness and mystery of what fairyland should resemble. A flat in London and a cottage in the country would, of course, solve the problem to a certain extent; but who, except the more fortunate, can achieve this satisfaction, with prices eating up one's income from below, and the Income Tax lopping great chunks of it from above?



M. André Poillot and Margaret Rawlings also at the FRENCH FORCES LUNCHEON

André Poillot, who is a poilu and son of M. André Poillot, of Bristol University, made a good speech at this luncheon on behalf of the French troops. He and charming Margaret Rawlings, who is in A House in the Square, at the St. Martin's Theatre, are seen sewing up parcels of comforts for some of the five million French troops now under arms

the people who come to call. That is why, if I decided to become a recluse—and that kind of life would present certain compensations (like becoming deaf)—experience would suggest a top flat in Bloomsbury rather than the lonely cottage placed halfway between a village and a wood. Nobody will seek you out in Bloomsbury except, if you have a spare bedroom, your country

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CRAYON AND CAMERA: LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

Second subject of Anthony Beauchamp's interesting experiment in double portraiture is the lovely daughter of Lord and Lady Carisbrooke. Lady Iris was a débutante of 1937, and was one of the Queen's trainbearers at the Coronation in that year. She is now, like so many other young members of society, actively engaged in war-work, as well as keeping up her other charitable interests, among which is the Society of Guide Dogs for the Blind, in whose aid Lady Iris gave a party in London recently. Lady Carisbrooke was, before her marriage in 1917, Lady Irene Denison

#### WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

large-a part in my reading life. So forgive my enthusiasm if you are already well acquainted with this "Country Calendar." Well, didn't you enjoy it yourself? Didn't you delight in the writer's descriptions of his farming life, country habits, country customs, and the meetings with other farmers to discuss so intelligently that most interesting of all conversations, which is to listen to a man's (not a woman's) "shop"? Didn't you thoroughly agree with such paragraphs as this one: "For the English countryside is not a spectacle to be enjoyed by a crowd. At this season [April] it is a wide expanse of varied charm, but its most exquisite beauties can be discovered by one, or at most two, persons only; for a crowd always destroys natural beauty by the mere fact of finding it. So if you would enjoy your Easter holiday to the full, even though you must make the journey from town as a unit of a crowd, choose only one companion for your ramblings once you have arrived at your destination, and get away from the crowd as quickly as you can. Then, as soon as the mellowed fields and lanes of England grant you the privacy you seek, go slowly. . . . No other pace is fitting . . . the country-side treats no hustler to this sovereign remedy for the ills which modernity has brought to mankind."

And true that is! For nothing makes me feel more acutely that I do not belong to this modern world of blind hustle and gettingthere, as my innate inability to share the

enthusiasm of crowds; this everincreasing lack of privacy which, strangely enough, most people seem not only to hanker after, but are restless and depressed when they cannot find it. Noise and multitudes mostly bore me to screaming-point, but for some people they constitute part of the perfect background to life. Maybe it is a sign of growing old, so I will leave it at that! All the same, the herd miss a lot by always seeking herds. So for me, one of the charms of Mr. Street's book lay in the fact that it deals with farmers and farm-labourers and village folk who, because they live and work with Nature, often doing battle against her, possess within themselves something of that wider vision of fundamental living, of broader, more permanent horizons which, in another aspect of life, differentiate a sailor from a soldier. Both are friendly with, or up against, the elements—not merely other men and women. To read "Country Calendar " is to breathe an air which is not contaminated by cackle and propaganda, hatred, envy, spite, and human fuss, but sweeps over the landscape which belongs, in the ultimate issue, to the continued existence of human life itself; to say nothing of its happiness.

Thoughts from "Country Calendar."

"THE man who does not feel very humble occasionally before the face of Nature is past praying for."

"Every man can be done without, a fact which death proves to someone or other at every hour, but while we live we hate to think this about ourselves."

"There is still an English countryside remaining, before whose spacious grace the towns and cities seem quite small, and oh,

so tawdry."

"When one's income increases, how easy it is to adjust one's mode of life to match it! But when it decreases, how difficult, well-nigh impossible, is the corresponding procedure."

Little Demons in Arcadia.

OYCE CARY'S new novel, "Charley is My Darling " (Michael Joseph; 9s.), is certainly bang up to date. It is the story of evacuees in a country village. A difficult subject, because—the fact must be faced-the coming of most of the evacuees, especially those with mothers in attendance, has been a disagreeable revelation to most of the housewives in the reception areas. Briefly, the conviction is growing that, unless the nation does something

about it, either making it compulsory for every boy and girl, of all classes, especially in the poorer quarters of our industrial cities; to give so many years of their infant life to membership in the Scouts, Girl Guides, Boys' Brigade, or

FRIEDELIND WAGNER, PUNGENT CRITIC OF RIBBENTROP
The only woman who has told Hitler that his Foreign Minister
was a "flop." Unfortunately, the Misleader did not recognise
that he was being told the truth. Friedelind Wagner, a granddaughter of the great composer, has known Hitler since she was
five years old, and she is intending to publish her personal
memoirs of him. She ascribes Hitler's rise to mass hypnosis

some such physically and mentally educational movement, there will grow up in our midst a lawless band of potential criminals which will provide an even greater social problem later on than it already does.

Certainly the evacuees who descended upon the village of Burlswood created a problem from the beginning. It cannot have been easy for Mr. Cary to get anywhere near the "skin" of his London urchins, but it seems to me he has succeeded remarkably well. And although his description leaves one with the impression that the parents of these children are, as parents, well-nigh hopeless, and educational authority —if education in its best sense be the formation of fine character—equally a subject for despair, the children themselves, little demons as most of them are, are yet sympathetically drawn. Charley is their ringleader, and Burlswood village his magnificent opportunity. Not in all his young life had he ever met so many of those well-intentioned ladies of the type for whom a dog or a child can never be really wrong. In a jiffy he has them taped. So that, though he stole money and motor - cars, damaged this and that, and even-tually put in the "family way" a girl under fifteen, they could believe no wrong of him, always being ready to forgive him and proffer immediate help. Rather as if to face the fact of what Charley was really like, and the potential likeness most of the other children had to him, would destroy all their war-work, leaving nationally unemployed. So they clung to Charley as to their supreme war effort. It is all very true and most entertaining, and the queer association between Charley and the too-youthful Bessie-a mixture of precocity and ignoranceis most convincingly described.



Douglas

LIEUT. THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN, R.N.
A coming-of-age portrait of the grandson of a great sailor, the late Prince Louis of Battenberg, son of another sailor, the late Marquess of Milford Haven, and nephew of Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N. Lord Milford Haven was born on May 12, 1919, and is one of two members of the Royal House who are on active service at sea, the other being his uncle. Like Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Navy's No. 1 polo player, he is very keen on that game and very promising

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SIR GEORGE AND LADY FRANCKENSTEIN
Sir George, the former Austrian Minister in London and now a
naturalised British subject, is Honorary President of the Austrian
Academy. Lady Franckenstein was Miss Editha Keppel King



THE ARCHDUKE ROBERT WITH LADY CHAMBERLAIN

Austria's Royal Family was represented by the Archduke
Robert, brother of Archduke Otto. Lady Chamberlain is
the widow of Sir Austen Chamberlain

The many distinguished Austrians whom brutal invasion has driven from their homeland have not been slow to form themselves into a group which will keep alive in exile the spirit of their country. Following on the Austrian Circle, a club organised by Baron Guido Fuchs, who describes himself as a "vagabond," but combines with his vagabondage a distinguished reputation as a lecturer and an orchestral conductor, the Austrian Academy in Great Britain, under the presidency of Sir George Franckenstein, held its inaugural ceremony recently at the Royal Institution

#### AUSTRIAN CULTURE LIVES IN LONDON



MME. GARDA, BARON GUIDO FUCHS AND ELISABETH BERGNER
Vice-President of the Academy is Baron Guido Fuchs, for three years
Dr. Schuschnigg's personal emissary in England, seen above with Mme. Garda,
of the Vienna State Opera, and Miss Elisabeth Bergner, actress and film-star,
who is making a new film, Rings on Her Fingers, at a British studio



LORD AND LADY DAWSON

Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's Physician, is one of the many distinguished men of science who take a keen interest in the work of the Academy. Lady Dawson is a sister of Sir Harold Yarrow, the Glasgow shipbuilder

(RIGHT)
MR. AND MRS.
FREDERICK
PEARSON
Who were among the distinguished company at the inauguration of the Austrian Academy in Great Britain, which took place at the Royal In-



# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

HERE is a very good rule of racing, even though it be an unwritten one, which says that you should never lie too far out of your ground. By this is meant that if you let the danger spot in the field get too far ahead before starting out to go up to him, you will face the certainty of having to ask your horse to

go the wrong pace at the wrong moment and over a far too great a space of ground. The result will inevitably be that he will die on your hands and that you may get beaten by a distance. There is another rule of racing, which is also unwritten, and it concerns how to wait in front. The butcherboy type of jockey never has mastered this art, for he has been unable to resist the temptation of cracking on the moment he thinks that the thud of the pursuing hoofs is growing a bit too loud. It is then that he proceeds to lose what might have been a sitter if he had only known how to sit still

and suffer for even a couple more minutes. The butcher-boy is out in front at the moment; but he is bound to come back. You can never win if you try to make every post a winning-post.

SPEAKING under correction from anyone who is fonder of and better at history

than I am, I believe that this year is the first time in its career that the Two Thousand has been run over any course at Newmarket other than the Rowley Mile-that course whose length has varied so much at various times.

It was one mile and one yard 1822-1843, and ten years after, one mile and 17 yards on the 1853 measurement—and in 1888 i mile 11 yards till 1902, when it became one mile "dead." And yet never a "dead" mile! Stand with your back to the pull-up and look down the Straight. The Rowley's "liveliness" will disclose itself quite plainly! Walk it, and you may never notice The Dip at all, unless someone has told you about it beforehand!

A<sup>ND</sup> what of "Old Rowley" himself, under the only King in history who has ever ridden a winner at Newmarket? "Old Rowley" never won a race, for a very good reason. It was not his business so to do, but he was the best hack that a very accomplished horseman ever had, and his name

and fame were so much in evidence in those gay and roystering times of the Restoration, when the King came back to his own again, that it has lived long after the memory of thousands the more distinguished have melted away in the maze of the centuries. What "Old Rowley" was like exactly, what his height and colour

WITH THE CROWHURST OTTERHOUNDS

With them is Miss K. Varndell, whipper-in, and the picture was taken at Ashridge, near Tunbridge Wells. It would be impious, of course, to say that as summer advances things get otter and otter. Mr. S. W. Varndell is the Master of this famous pack of amphibians

> were, there do not seem to be any absolutely reliable records; but it may be we can conjure up some fairly accurate picture of the type he was from the character of his royal master.

OF Charles II., William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who taught him to ride, tells us that even at the age of ten:



Herbert & Sons, The Christening of the Son of the Hero of H.M.S. "Hardy" Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. V. Mansell and Andrew Victor Stuart in the centre just after he had been christened at St. Andrew's Church, Preston, near Weymouth. On the left, Mrs. Louis Stewart Mansell and Commander Hoare Smith; and on the right, Colonel H. St. G. Thoyts and Mrs. De Guerin (godmother). Lieut.-Commander Mansell, though wounded, continued to fight the disabled ship after gallant Captain Warburton - Lee had been killed in the first battle of Narvik

"His Majestie's capacity was such that he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others, and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity, to the admiration of all who beheld him."

Packs of hounds almost sprouted out of the ground at the Restoration, hawking came back, and as the old Royalist

jingle of the times went: "A cock fight shall cease to be a breach of the peace and a horse race an insurrection!' dig in the ribs for the old Roundhead régime!

The King and his Court were all sport and racing mad, and it is therefore certain that H.M.'s best hack was something a bit above the ordinary, and no sleepy old nodding Neddy—fit only for a nervous rider, or to go out in a shay with the children. Of Richard II.'s racing exploits we have absolutely no reliable data; we know that "he loved well to have a horse of pryse," and was

not too particular as to how he got him! There are many people like that, even in these more genteel days—but the stories of his riding winners are a bit too flimsy to recommend acceptance.

Of King Charles II,'s' records there is no doubt.

They are quite definite!
His Majesty rode his horse
"Woodcock" on October 12,
1671, in a match against
Mr. Elliott, a gentleman of the Bedchamber, on "Flatfoot," and was beaten, but on the 14th, the King won The Plate, the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Elliott and Mr. Thomas Thin (an ancestor of the Marquess of Bath) being amongst the other "jockeys" who were riding, and in 1674 his Majesty won the same race again. Sir Robert Carr made a note of it at the time and wrote: "Yesterday his Majesty rode himself three heates and a course and won The Plateall fower were hard ridden, and I doe assure you the King wonn by good horsemannship.

And there are many other instances, most of which have been collected by that talented compiler of Ye Olde New Markitt Calendar, Mr. J. B. Muir. So we may take it that a man who was fond of riding race-horses, and also so fond of the real home of the horse and of hunting, would not have tolerated "Old Rowley" unless he had been something a bit "super."

# THE SWORD IS MIGHTIER THAN THE CORKSCREW!

COLONEL

PAUL RODZIANKO,

CRACK

SWORDSMAN,

HORSEMAN AND

CAVALRY

SOLDIER AND

HIS WIFE

Pholographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Paul Rodzianko is not only a famous performer with almost any kind of sword—champion fencer of Russia, and an amazing man on almost any kind of horse—but a talented author to boot. He has just completed a biography of Mannerheim, the famous defender of Finland, with whom he served in the same Chevalier Guard Regiment. In this he has been helped by his charming wife, daughter of Shane Leslie, who is a cousin of the First Lord. The book was published by Jarrolds on May 9. Colonel Rodzianko's previous works have been "Tattered Banners" and "Modern Horsemanship"

#### "PERIL AT END HOUSE" AT THE VAUDEVILLE

HIS, I suppose, would come under the heading of "Comedy-Thrillers" in any potted summary of What's On in the West End. Only, plays about crime need to be particularly lurid in wartime, with so much German competition from the theatres of war. Failing that, they must compensate with their comedy. But

By ALAN BOTT

earlier attempts appear to have been made to do in the so insistently bright Mam'selle Buckley. Poirot will observe, deduce, conjure up and reveal all, with his little grey cells. Unfortunately, without bright lines and situations to match, egoism is not nearly enough.

What, then, of the excitements? There is a heavy-framed Portrait of an Ancestor that crashes near, but not quite on, the spot where the lady does her jigsaw puzzles; a hearty and sudden crash, which some dirty dog has helped to happen. But she clearly spends much less than twenty-four hours a day over the jigsaw, and the odds are that it wouldn't have happened just then. Then there is the portent of the stolen Mauser, which somebody unknown—the lawyer, the too typical Australian, the repellent housekeeper, the pasty-faced fellow who keeps on slinking in and out ?-will no doubt fire

at Mam'selle Buckley from one minute to the next. But the first Act ended with the Buckley girl still alive and dithering: rather to my disappointment—I would gladly have shot

her myself.

Ah!—that's good. They've shot her at last, under cover of the highly realistic fireworks. See, she slumps down, wrapped in her so Spanish shawl. Boy, go and send a greetings telegram to her murderer, wishing

him well. Stop; return me the money: it's her cousin Magda they 've shot, deceived in the darkness by the wearing of the shawl. But thanks, Poirot old friend, for packing the young woman off-stage, to protective custody in a nursing-home. Boy, take back the money and use it for sending her a box of poisoned chocolates, with the card of Hercule Poirot enclosed so that she shan't suspect. No, stay!—the murderer has already done just that. Or was he the murderer? Surely it can't be Commander Challenger, R.N., with the Navy so rightly Neither can it be the owner of popular?



MAM'SELLE BUCKLEY: OLGA EDWARDES

that so gaunt Face Behind the Curtains: he has twice brandished a pistol, which is twice too often for him to be the real

murdering McCoy.

To tell the truth, I don't much mind who done it, but I'm glad Poirot is assembling them all for his Revelation: that will mean more flamboyant conceit by Francis L. Sullivan. Ah—she did, did she? And here, returned from the poisoned dead, is Mam'selle Buckley, confounding the forger of her Will. Oh, it wasn't, wasn't it? Miss Buckley, I apologise: you're not, after all, such a nitwit as you seemed and sounded. When you do die, I promise that if I'm around, no urchins shall throw stones at your body.

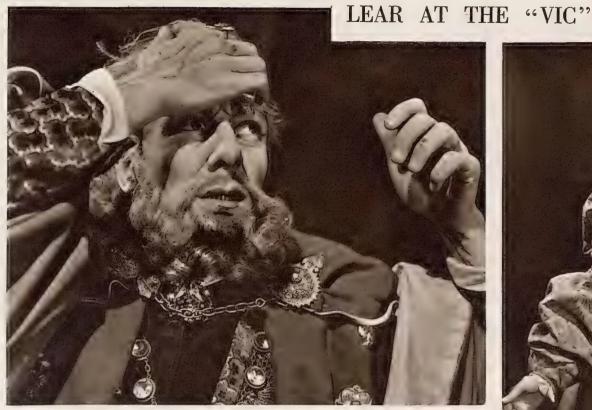
Well, Peril at End House is adapted for the stage from an early Agatha Christie; and its Hercule Poirot is at any rate life-size.

the fun in this thriller deals mostly in foreign mannerisms, and for the rest comes dimly from a detective's stooge and an ancient housekeeper who insists on calling Hercule Poirot Mr. Pierrot.

HERCULE POIROT: FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

Poirot himself is amusing in so far as Francis L. Sullivan invests the brave Belge with egoism, while wearing, with a grotesque air, odd clothes, a luxuriant moustache and dago shoe-uppers. According to Poirot, avarice and fear are the main motives for murder; but, evidently, he holds that the only real reason for a murderer's existence is to be discovered by Hercule Poirot. Meanwhile, as a fat man on holiday he won't think of crime-no, not when the Home Secretary himself demands it. But when somebody's mis-aimed bullet has the impudence to graze the wrist of himself, the great Hercule—ha!—that is another matter. There must be revenge for the affront: he and his Watsonian friend, the so woodenheaded Captain Hastings, O.B.E., will proceed forthwith to End House, where two

THE FACE BEHIND THE CURTAINS: WILFRED FLETCHER. DETECTIVE'S STOOGE: IAN FLEMING



"O, LET ME NOT BE MAD, NOT MAD, SWEET HEAVEN"
For the second time in his career, John Gielgud has taken on the incredibly difficult part of King Lear in the current Old Vic production, and achieves a distinguished performance, rising at times to considerable heights, as in this scene where, slighted by Goneril, Lear



"PUT IN HIS LEGS"

Kent, banished but serving his King in disguise, is stocked at command of Cornwall and Regan, in spite of the expostulations of the kindly Gloster. Lewis Casson, the producer, plays Kent, Andrew Cruikshank Cornwall, and Nicholas Hannen Gloster, while Fay Compton is superbly vicious as Regan

The production of King Lear, long held to be well-nigh unactable, is a considerable undertaking and one that the Old Vic has taken upon itself twice within the past few years. In Henry Cass's production of four years ago William Devlin magnificently sustained the title-rôle and John Gielgud's performance in Lewis Casson's current production has not generally been held to surpass his predecessor's. It has, though, great merits of its own, especially in the rarefied atmosphere of the closing scenes, and Gielgud is supported by a magnificent cast, in which Fay Compton and Jack Hawkins are outstanding. The producer had the advantage of the advice of Harley Granville Barker, one of the foremost living Shakespearean scholars



"My Most Dear Gloster"

Jack Hawkins as Edmund, bastard son of the Earl of Gloster, who is raised by Cornwall to his father's title, gives a notable if unconventionally waggish reading of the character, and Cathleen Nesbitt expresses to the full the waspish power of Goneril



Angus McBean

"Thou'LT COME NO MORE"

The ultimate tragedy of Lear's entry with the body of Cordelia, hanged by Edmund's orders, is made deeply moving in the quiet tones of John Gielgud. Jessica Tandy plays Cordelia with an unsensational competence

THE TATLER [No. 2029, MAY 15, 1940

SUBURBAN WITS
By Francis Dodd, R.A.

## PEACE AND WAR PICTURES



THE FORTUNE-TELLER: "BEWARE OF A DARK LADY!"

By F. Cadogan Cooper, R.A.



JANUARY, 1940. By Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A. (BELOW) REST. By W. G. de Glehn, R.A.



THE POACHER
By Arthur Hayward

The above selection from things to see at Burlington House is as peaceful and homely as the one on the facing page is otherwise. Francis Dodd, for instance, gives us a well-known worthy, Captain Finnon Haddock, of the Firs, telling Mrs. Henn-Buzzard something he "knows for a fact," and Dame Laura Knight forsaking the circus folk for the nonce, shows us how we are ploughing the good earth for victory

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# AT THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY



Suburbia, 1939
By C. R. W. Nevinson, A.R.A.



Post 23, Kensington By H. Raeburn Dobson



THE STATE APARTMENTS, CHATSWORTH
By Edward J. Halliday

The most warlike side of things! Mr. Nevinson gives us a sight very customary to many of us and very comforting to the nervous. Mr. Dobson has also selected another familiar sight of these times, an Air Raid Warden "standing to"—a recognition of the devoted work done by the "ununiformed." Mr. Charles Spencelayh has given us another patriot. The State Apartments at Chatsworth, Mr. Halliday's excellent picture, also depicts a facet of the war, an evacuated girls' school at the Duke of Devonshire's most famous house

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MIDDAY AT THE LOCAL. By Kenneth F. Elwell (Below) There will Always be an England. By Charles Spencelayh



THE HON. MRS. PATRICK BELLEW, JOHN JEREMY AND DOC



JOHN JEREMY ROUNDS UP THE SHEEP (BELOW) ME AND MY FRIEND



# COUNTRY LIF



THE HON. PATRICK AND MRS. BELLEW AT PARKSIDE HOUSE, SURREY;

When one popular personality marries the daughter of another one it is usually odds on its being a success. The Hon. Patrick Bellew—"Paddy" to all his very numerous friends -is a half-brother of Lord Bellew, and his wife, before their marriage in 1936, was the Hon. Moya de la Poer Beresford, younger daughter of Lord Decies, who, incidentally, in 7th Hussar days, was a lightweight G.R. with difficulty, as many recall, for probably he endured more pangs when "wasting" than most. The Hon. Patrick Bellew is doing his-bit in this war in the R.N.V.R., in which he has attained the exalted rank of a full Lieutenant, and he was on leave when these pictures were taken at his very charming house at Englefield Green, Surrey. Apparently livestock is a prominent note in the scheme of things, and very prudently so, what with all this rationing.



A GENERAL VIEW

# IN WARTIME



EN JEREMY, SON, AND HOUND TO THE HOUSEHOLD ALSO IN THE PICTURE



Photos.: Swaebe

F PARKSIDE HOUSE

Pigs, it will be observed, are a leading line, and as Paddy Bellew happens to be an Irishman it would have been "quare" if they had been omitted from the farm menagerie. In happier and less bellicose times, as so many people, particularly those who are kind enough to read this paper, know, the owner of Parkside House has a way of lightening the tedium of life by his amusing pictorial efforts, and if only the wicked would cease from troubling we might hope for some more from his clever and witty brush. John Jeremy, the son and heir, arrived in 1937 and seems to find Parkside a spot entirely to his liking. The latest news was that Patrick Bellew was busy on a historical novel, the period being that immediately following the adven-tures of one "Scarlett O'Hara," of whom we are seeing so much in London these days



THE HON. MRS. PATRICK BELLEW IN THE CONSERVATORY AT PARKSIDE



LUNCH-TIME IN THE HEN-RUN (BELOW) DONALD FRAZER GIVING TEE HOGS A DIP



SEVERAL theatrical premières took place last week, and there was, of course, the

great affair at the Salle Pleyel, when Gracie Fields, with Jack Hylton and Boys, so nobly "obliged." The daily Press has already told you how utterly Paris has taken "our

you how utterly Paris has taken "our Gracie" to its heart, and Jack Hylton is loved for the two "T's" he possesses in

There was misguided choice, however, in

the singing of a comic song about a Légion-naire. France is proud of her Foreign

abundance-Talent and Tubbiness!

# PRISCILLA IN PARIS

RÈS CHER—It must be the same small boy who thought God accomplished a "fiddling" job when He made the flea who recently remarked that it wasn't fair to expect him to draw a map of Norway and Sweden from memory, and described the task as being "nothing but squiggles." Not having a geographical mind myself, I sympathise with the young-ster, but one rather imagines that "squigin warfare, are more helpful than the morne plaine, from a strategic point of view. However, squiggles or plain, we doubt not that sooner or later the Germans will come to their Waterloo, and how satisfactory that will be, will not it? Optimism is the keynote of all conversation in Paris, and the very best kind of optimism at that, well fortified with patience. The cocktail-hour know-all who announces that the war will be over by the autumn is smiled upon with amused pity. "They also serve who grin while waiting," or words to that effect, being the great idea of the moment.

 $M^{\mathrm{EANWHILE}}$ , we wonder how the members of the Supreme War Council enjoy all this travelling between Paris and London viâ the air or sea, since, alas! there

is no tunnel under the Channel. How far we are from the grandiose vision of glittering, beplumed generals caracolling on milkwhite Arabian steeds with battles crackling in the background! took a couple of lads on leave, who were eager to improve their minds after a course of too much cabaray, to the Louvre the other day. The pictorial records of the Napoleonic wars moved them to tears of mirth, just as, I presume, the photographs that appear in the illustrated papers of to-day will amuse our descendants. The indiscretions of the camera have not yet revealed whether a certain famous Admiral is really as airsick as they say whenever he sets foot in an air-liner, but it is everybody's secret General that when Gamelin takes a long train journey his sleeping-car is side-tracked at night so that he may have a few hours' uninterrupted repose. I have it on good authority that he cannot sleep when the

train is moving. Being one of the big brains behind the war machine, he needs rest, which, of course, is as it should be. Still, here again, we are far from the Napoleonic tradition.

PARIS is expecting its ration-cards with equanimity, since, as things stand at present, the rules and regulations that

govern our menus are rather perplexing. On certain days sweets and pastries are not allowed, and this, obviously, is quite right too.

On the other hand, it is somewhat Ollendorfian to be told, after having ordered a café Liègeois: "No café Liègeois to-day; but Madame can have hot chocolate"!

Café Liègeois, as you know, is iced coffee with a gob of whipped cream atop!

Another puzzler: on meatless days one

is allowed lamb stew - which surely does not come under the heading "offal" (extremities and innards, or, in other words, trotters and tripe, are thus unpleasantly classified), and on likker - less days one may sip the sweeter wines of France, such as



"NINE BACHELORS"

Almost immediately after the success of Sacha Guitry's patriotic-historical discursus, Remontons les Champs Elysées, at the Academy, another of this witty author-producer-actor's efforts has come to Studio One. It is Ils Etaient Neuf Celibataires, and Sacha appears in it as a quick-brained scamp who has the idea of selling husbands to foreign women wanting to acquire French nationality—an idea not unknown to our police courts. Elvire Popesco, seen above with Sacha, has the feminine lead

Legion and prefers to do her own joking on the subject. The singer did not mend matters with the aside: "That always goes over great in London!" when a particularly funny (?) quip was greeted with stony silence.

A melodrama of the 'eighties has been revived at the Théâtre des Arts, but this sort of thing is done better in London. Over here the acting is too good and the production too bad. The other way round would serve the purpose better. Melodrama must be ranted across the footlights, and the reciting of the soliloquies in a hushed voice from the wings while the heroine gazes into space may be a very modern touch, but it gets us nowhere.

A new play at the Œuvre is a cynical, messy little affair about a promiscuous young woman whose motto is: "Célérité et discretion," or "Safety in numbers." This also gets us nowhere, since, quite early in the evening, we lose all interest in the young men she accompanies to bed and stays awake with. This is not the stuff to give the troops, and so thank Dorin for the new revue at the Nouveautés! Priscilla.



BACHELOR AND BRIDE

Among the ramshackle crowd of bachelors gathered together for marriage to wealthy foreigners by Sacha Guitry is André Lefaur, whose bride is (in real life) Sacha's own fourth wife, Geneviéve Guitry. Mme. Guitry appeared with her husband over here last year at the time of the State visit of M. and Mme. Lebrun

> Grenache, Banyuls or Muscat, while Byrrh and Dubonnet are taboo! Restaurants may not serve pats of butter with rolls or petits pains, but one may buy as many slices of bread and butter as one can eat. Sounds crazy, doesn't it?

However, ours not to reason why: ours but to do and buy!

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Paul Tanqueray

WENDY HILLER PLAYING LEAD IN THE "MAJOR BARBARA" FILM

When she makes her bow and scores her inevitable success, this will be Wendy Hiller's second Shaw film, for most people will retain memories of her brilliant performance as Eliza in Pygmalion, which, incidentally, was the first of his plays that Mr. Bernard Shaw permitted to be translated in film terms. Gabriel Pascal, who is producing and directing for Pascal Film Productions, is very busy at Denham and on location at Dartington Hall, in Devon. He has assembled a most imposing cast—Robert Morley as Wendy Hiller's opposite number, Marie Löhr, Penelope Dudley Ward, Sybil Thorndike, Emlyn Williams, O. B. Clarence, Marie Ault, Ronald Squire—big enough names to be going on with. For the part of Cusini, Gabriel Pascal has "found" the young actor, Andrew Osborn, and considers it an ideal bit of casting



LORD AND LADY FARNHAM

Quite undismayed by the bit of typical
Irish rain in which the great steeplechase
meeting was run. Farnham, his Lordship's seat, is in Co. Cavan



WATCHING 'EM JUMPING THE BIG OBSTACLES
Mr. H. J. Cleeve, well-known sportsman, with the Princess d'Ardia Caracciolo, daughter of Mr. G. P. Fitz-Gerald and Mabel Lady Lushington, and Lord Kildare,
M.F.H. (North Kilkenny)



CAPT. AND THE HON. MRS. D. SMYLY Snapped at a more or less quiet moment. Captain Smyly is in a famous cavalry regiment and was on leave. Mrs. Smyly is a daughter of the late Lord Buckland



LORD HARRINGTON AND HIS MOTHER, MRS. LUKE LILLINGSTON At the exciting moment when Dick Sheehen's "Ballyhooley" was winning the Conyngham. Mr. Luke Lillingston, M.F.H. (with his wife), is away battle-fighting

#### THE CONYNGHAM CUP MEETING

AT THAT FAMOUS SPOT PUNCHESTOWN



THE HON. BRUCE AND MRS. OCILVY AND MISS OLIVIA O'BRIEN

Captain Bruce Ogilvy, like his brother, Lord Airlie, is a cavalry soldier, and Mrs. Ogilvy is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. O'Brien. Miss Olivia O'Brien is her sister. It is almost a part of everyone's education to go to the Conyngham Cup Meeting at Ireland's great steeplechasing centre, and to see them tackle the great double is in itself one of the thrills of a lifetime. It is on record that this formidable fortification has been fairly and squarely flown more than once



Poole, Dublin

LORD AND LADY ELVEDEN

Another picture taken in a lull in the hostilities. Lord Elveden is Lord Iveagh's only son and heir and is a Captain in antitank guns. Lady Elveden is the former Lady Elizabeth Hare, a sister of Lord Listowel

# SERVICE UNITS—No. 31



AN R.A.F. SIGNALS GROUP: By "MEL"

Even though information likely to be of use to the enemy has to be kept so close a secret, it is fairly safe to assure the lay public that signalling in the R.A.F. is rarely done by the flag-wagging method, and even whistling and shouting out such expressions as "Oi!" and "Hi!" can be ruled out. Even with these manifest handicaps the message department of this branch of our armed forces does very nicely, thank you, for every man Jack of this branch has perforce to be some kind of hyper-specialist

SAZARENA, WHO IS IN "ASCOT," THE GROSVENOR HOUSE CABARET The beautiful dancer straight from sunny Spain made her London début on the 2nd and scored an immediate win. Well-known jockeys like "Steve" and son Pat, also Brethes, the crack French jockey, knock a lot of fun out of the hobby-horses which are part of the outfit in "Ascot," this

HE landlord of the local pub had a parrot which had a grand vocabulary. One day a stranger entered, and said his parrot could talk better.

amusing new floor show at Grosvenor House

After an argument a match was arranged for £10, the parrot which said the most words in ten minutes to be the winner.

When the stranger's bird arrived, both parrots were put on the table. The local parrot did not open his beak at all, and the landlord had to pay his f10 to the challenger.

When he was putting his parrot back in his cage, he said to the bird, "You're a smart one, you are!"

The parrot whispered in his ear: "Listen, you. Make a return match for £50, and I'll talk the creature's head off!"

THE beggar carried a large label marked "Crippled," and the kind old lady was so touched that she dropped sixpence into his tin.

A few minutes later she was surprised, as well as annoyed, to see him hurrying

down the street, walking quite normally. When she indignantly challenged him about his claim to be crippled, he replied smoothly, "Madam, it is, alas! possible to be crippled in other senses than the physical one. I happen to be crippled in a purely financial sense."

# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A man in evening dress rushed into the bar opposite the concert hall. . . . eighty-seven . . . eighty-eight . . . eightynine . . . ham sandwich . . . ninety-two . . . ninetythree . . . ninety-four . . . glass of sherry . . . ninetyseven ... ninety-eight ... hurry up . ... hundred and one," he was saying.

Another man in the bar stared at him, and could no longer restrain his curiosity.

"Here, what's all this number business?" he asked.

"Hundred and seven . . . I play the drum in the concert-hall orchestra, and I've got three hundred bars rest," he spluttered; "hundred and twelve . . . hundred and thirteen . . ."

FOUR men who were to be sent to France at short notice took French leave and left the camp for a few hours to say good-bye to their families. At the London terminus they were caught by a ticket-collector, who wanted to see the rail-vouchers, which they did not possess. He was about to call the Military Police when a burly sergeant of another regiment asked what the trouble was and said he would put the men under arrest. Ordering them to fall in, he marched them through the barrier. Once out of sight of the ticket-collector he dismissed

them and told them to be off. They started to thank him, but he cut them short. "That's all right, chums. It was the only way I could get past the barrier myself. I haven't got a rail-voucher,

either.

"HAVE you anything to say before I pass sentence?" asked the Judge. "I certainly have, me Lud," replied the accused. "I desire to take this opportunity of stating with reserve of circumlocution that in my opinion the penalty imposed upon me by this court should be in

keeping with my station in life, or, as it were, commensurate with my social position, which hitherto has been one of no inconsiderable importance."

"Well," remarked the Judge drily, "you certainly seem to like long sentences. Ten years.'

COLLECTING fares in the black-out, the bus conductor approached an old lady who kept him waiting while she made quite sure her pennies were not half-crowns.

"Feel the edges, lady," said the conductor. "You can always the conductor. tell that way."

She thanked him, and when she was getting out she pressed a coin into his hand, saying:
"That tip's worth knowing.
Get yourself a packet of cigarettes.'

The conductor thanked her, and when she had gone he felt the edge of the coin. It was a farthing.

THE mayor of a little Italian town went to the capital to see the director of a publicity

"We want you to run a publicity campaign," he said,

"so that our town receives its fair share of the tourist traffic."
"Certainly," agreed the publicity expert. "And now—what is there about your town that tourists might be induced to come and see?"

The mayor thought for a moment.

"Well—we've got a large burnt-out volcano," he suggested. The publicity man gasped incredulously.

"A volcano-and you let it burn itself out! Man, what a chance you've thrown away!"



JANE CARR AND MARIANNE DAVIS-BACK FROM THE FRONT

The thing to which they have come back after entertaining the B.E.F. is cabaret in general. A mascot they have brought proudly back is a Maginot Line badge. One of their new hits is "But They Won't Take Robert in the Guards"—and how it makes the soldiery laugh! Another, written by a junior officer in the Wavy Navy, is "He Isn't Impressed!" The author must, of course, remain anonymous—for we are at war

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STOCKINGLESS CREAM

-bure-log freedom with the beauty of sheer hose . . . complete with

seam-line!

Cyclax Stockingless Cream is the cosmeticians most astounding gift to the style minded world. For here in a dainty jar, is all the slim beauty of the sheerest ankle clinging hose . . . luxurious style for so little cost that to be without it is extravagance beyond excuse.

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# THREE-MINUTE BREAKDOWN

By CAPTAIN F. McDERMOTT

◀HAT ends Major Trehearne's Travel Talk. We must apologise to listeners for a breakdown in transmission, due to a technical hitch, from 2.3 to 2.6 p.m. The next part of the programme will follow almost immediately."

Two ancient ladies in a suburban parlour smiled at each other across their knitting. "I love the Major's voice, don't you?

said one.

A young schoolmaster in a Council school turned to his class. "So it wasn't this old set, after all," he grinned.

An irate retired colonel snorted at the other occupants of a hotel lounge. "Technical hitch!" he growled. "Time something happened to those fellows to wake them up.

A<sup>S</sup> the bulbous silencer on the muzzle of the revolver jerked up level with his heart, Major Trehearne knew that his vague misgivings about the man sitting on the opposite side of the table had been justified.

"You'll never get away with it," he said coolly. "The people on the controlpanel will stop the transmission as soon as they see I'm not keeping to the script."

A smile passed across the other's face. It was a smooth, good-looking face. But the grey eyes did not reflect the smile on the lips.
"Really, Major!" he said gently

and his English was excellent "we've a little organising ability, you know. The carbon they have is an exact copy of the one you're going to read."

Major Trehearne looked down at the script which had been given to him as he entered the studio. At first it had not struck him as strange that Forbes-Johnson had turned over the supervision of this broadcast to somebody else. He merely concluded that a new man was being broken in to the job. But what had occurred to him as peculiar was that the script should be altered so near the time of the broadcast without his having an opportunity to discuss the alterations. And now, why was Forbes-Johnson himself not showing up? He glanced at the baize-covered door, and the other answered his unspoken thought.

'I'm afraid it's no use expecting Forbes-Johnson to come to the rescue. He's lying sleeping where he'll be quite safe until after the broadcastdrugged. Nice chap, isn't he? I'm glad I didn't have to hurt him. As a matter of fact, he got me in here. I told him I was a great friend of yours and wanted to see you

urgently.

And supposing I refuse?"

The smile left the other's face. "Then your country would be minus an officer whose name is a byword for bravery," he bowed slightly, "and whose power among the tribes in the East they would hate to lose. As for my country . . . it's possible that with luck they'd still have the services of Friedrich Vogel—my real name, though, of course, I don't call myself that over here. On the other hand, they might not. That 's one of the risks of war, Major.'

Trehearne's toothbrush moustache jerked downwards, a sure sign of trouble to those

who knew him.

"I'll see you in hell first!" he growled.
"That's a pity! I didn't want to go into a lot of detail. But perhaps you'll be more reasonable if I do." Vogel glanced at the clock. "Still nearly ten minutes. Good! We've ample time. Well, to begin with, we picked this particular broadcast for several reasons. First, it was to be given in this small studio, which hasn't got one of those irritating glass observation-panels looking down on it from the floor above. Next, the time of a schools broadcast was just right for us, and as you're a very experienced broadcaster, you're likely to be left alone. The announcer-he worried us a bit, though I had a plan to deal with him. Luckily, it won't be needed. The announcements are to come from another studio.'

"And the idea of the whole thing?" asked Trehearne. "I suppose you're not going to tell me that?"

Cannons of Hollywood

MISS DAPHNE BICK WHOSE ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED RECENTLY Miss Bick is the elder daughter of Mrs. Bick of Amulree, Weybridge, and is engaged to Mr. Michael Underwood, only son of Mrs. Underwood and of Major J. G. Underwood. Miss Bick is at present working in an emergency hospital, Old Surrey Hall, near Lingfield

"Oh, yes. Why not? It concerns Indian troops. You rather like them, don't you?" Trehearne's square jaw jutted out a little

further, but he made no reply.

"We've heard there's a big transport full of them on its way over," went on Vogel. "The alterations in your script will tell one of our submarines just where they are, and an hour after the broadcast-well, we won't need worry about those Indian troops any more. And now "—he smiled again—"I'm going to read to you. But I can still see you out of the corners of my eyes. And I couldn't very well miss at this range."

He picked up another copy of the script from the table. Then he began to read, and slowly a look of utter amazement passed across Trehearne's face. On many occasions records had been made of his Travel Talks, and he had frequently had the strange experience of hearing himself speak. But never had any mechanical reproduction given a more perfect imitation of his own voice than that to which he was now listening. His occasional chuckle, his rise of tone as he addressed questions to the unseen classes in the schools, his slight hesitations to give an effect of naturalness-they were

all there.

"If you can do that," he suddenly burst out, "why the devil don't you shoot me and have done with it? You could do the broadcast yourself."

Vogel inclined his head.

"I could," he said. "But I need you to help me to get away. So, after the broadcast, we'll become very good friends—you and I. We'll walk arm-in-arm to the lift, laughing and talking. They know you, so they'll let me pass too. My hand will be in that large overcoat pocket of yours, and my revolver—ah, don't do that, Major! Please keep your hands on the table. Where was I? Oh, yes-when we get to the street there'll be a car waiting for us."

And then?"

"Then an injection of the same drug that put Forbes-Johnson to sleep. When you wake up you'll have no idea where I've gone." He shifted his position in the chair, but the revolver did not waver. "And now, Major, you're not going to force me to . . . do the broadcast myself, are you? I've always admired you quite a lot, you know."
"I don't seem to have much

choice," snapped Trehearne. He must play for time. At the worst he could shout some warning in the middle of the broadcast. But would that do any good? At the first hint of it he would be killed. The shot would be muffled by the silencer, and when Vogel continued with that devilishly effective imitation, the control fellows might merely think something had been knocked over on the table and do nothing about it. He looked again at his script. Yes, they were undeniably clever. As usual, he practically knew the broadcast off by heartone of the secrets of his success-(Continued on page ii)

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Here are classics of the 1940 class, superbly tailored in Glen checks or West of England flannels with a coloured stripe. Nowadays a suit is more than ever an investment ... so may we draw your attention to the prices. From £5.19.6 for the Glenurquharts in either link or single breasted style; from £5.9.6 for the grey flannel suit. Suits are Tailored-to-Measure from £8.19.6.

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# PETROL VAPOUR W. G. McMINNIES

Pooling Petrol Coupons.

OTH standard and extra petrol coupons are marked "Not transferable," but while the former don't carry the registration number of the car to which they apply, the latter do. From this it appears that trafficking in coupons is illegal, although the average garage never seems to check up the car number with that on the petrol coupon. In some ways it's a pity that the coupons are not transferable. If they were, it would be possible for several owners to pool their rations and, by using one car, go further afield. This would be of special benefit at holiday time. The other day I heard of a garage owner who had gone coupon-bankrupt. Presumably this meant he had issued so much petrol buckshee that, when he'd emptied his tanks, he had no coupons to hand in as vouchers for purposes of replenishment. The man must have been a fool, and his plight calls for no sympathy.

#### £1830 for a Toll-Bridge.

THE middle route to the West of England, which runs from Glastonbury to Taunton, crosses a small river at a place called Burrowbridge. You would not think it was an important road by looking at the map, or even by driving along it. In parts it is little more than a narrow and winding country lane. Yet in peacetime it carries so much traffic that the yearly auction of the toll rights of the bridge fetched £1830. I drove over the bridge the other day and was charged threepence. So that before the owners can make anything for themselves, nearly 150,000 cars would have to pay toll. I wonder how many times in its long life the bridge has paid for itself? In wartime, of course, it was impossible to fix an annual charge, as no one could compute the volume of traffic that would use the road.

Another toll-bridge whose fortunes have changed for the worse crosses the upper Thames on the old Eynsham-Oxford road. It carried all the traffic from Oxford to

Gloucester, Cheltenham and South Wales. Then came the Oxford-Evnsham by-pass, the old road became almost deserted, and the toll receipts flopped.

#### Jobs for the Boys.

A recent tour of holiday hotels in Devon and Somerset showed they are carrying on much as usual and that prices generally have not been increased. The chief trouble the hotel-keeper is up against is lack of staff. On this problem it occurred to me that there are a lot of boys, between the leaving-school and calling-up age, who are kicking their heels at home. Why shouldn't they volunteer for work in some of the pleasanter country hotels? These places are run by decent folk who would treat them decently, the boys would have a good home, their keep, something to do, and some pocketmoney. At one place I visited, they could do with three or four lads to act as ghillies on a large lake attached to the hotel. can't imagine a better free holiday for a young man keen on fishing,

At another hotel I found they had no servants, no coal and no rations. The day before a party had arrived for tea. As they seemed frightfully hungry, the owners fed them generously. When the guests had

gone, the owners found they 'd eaten their own rations for the next week!

#### Napoleon Brandy.

HERE'S another hotel story.
Plutocrats arrived at an amusing and sophisticated hostelry. After dinner, someone brought up the subject of Napoleon brandy. The barman rose to the situation and produced something on these lines, for which he charged accordingly. Next day the plutocrats returned for more, and seemed quite satisfied when the barman, after inspecting his bottle, said he was very sorry but he hadn't had time to make any more.

#### Servicing Car for the Summer.

To get the last ounce from your petrol ration there are three main things to be done now. If your car pinks badly, have it decarbonised. Not only will this increase the m.p.g., but it will reduce wear in the engine, improve performance, and make the car pleasanter to drive. A new set of plugs — Lodge, K.L.G., or D.C. Sphinx, according to your choice—will be a wise investment, and should see you through the war period. New plugs will make starting easier and put less strain on

the battery, thereby increasing the life of this expensive-to-renew accessory. Remember, too, that now is the time to change over from winter to summer grades of oil. Don't buy cheap oil; it never pays. Stick to a well-known brand like Castrol, and drain the sump at regular intervals. This is all the more necessary now, when



A MORRIS NEAR PANGBOURNE

It is offending no Censor to say "sumer is icumen in" and nowhere more so than in the Thames Valley, where a thatched cottage overhung by a tree in full blossom made a gorgeous background for this smart and efficient little Morris "Ten-Four" saloon

> most of our journeys are short, and the engine has to make far more starts from cold than in peacetime. Cold starts cause

more wear than hundreds of miles run at a constant speed and temperature, and for that reason call for special care in matters of lubrication. The last point requiring attention is the tyres. Keep up the pressures, for sloppy tyres consume petrol.
Use the brakes as little as possible, and when having to stop at a traffic-signal, garage, or shop, free-wheel there instead of braking. For every time you use the brake you 're consuming petrol, tyres and energy unnecessarily. And while on the subject of tyres, now is the time to replace faulty or worn covers and tubes. Rubber is certain to increase in price, besides being difficult to obtain, and no one will want to run on substitutes, with all their uncertainty and lack of wearing qualities. For which reason the wise owner has already fitted his car with the best tyres he can buy. And a set of, say, heavy Dunlops should see this war out several times over at the present 200 - a - month mileage allowance.



FILM-MAKING IN DEVON

On the right of the Rolls-Royce is Gabriel Pascal, producer of Pygmalion, now working on another Bernard Shaw film, Major Barbara, at Totnes. He and some of his stars, including Wendy Hiller, Marie Löhr and Penelope Dudley Ward, are staying at Château Bellevue, a new Anglo-French hotel run by Graham Lyon (left), well known in peacetime by all users of his Autocheque foreign touring organisation

Made from hand-picked fruit, KIA-ORA's high repute Is backed By fact.



THE TATLER



THE OFFICERS AND STAFF OF AN R.A.F. STATION

It is, unfortunately, impossible to afford any more information about this station and the people who man it other than the bare list of names The key to the picture is as follows: (back row; l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. Morgan, Captain Tritton, P./O. A. Cave, F./O. W. H. M. Walker, F./O. R. R. S. Tuck, P./O. S. B. Grant, F./O. C. B. Kingcome, P./O. J. K. Clifton, Lieut. D'A. Cartwright, F./O. J. H. Welford, 2nd Lieut. Shepherd, Captain Rowan, P./O. D. S. Wallen, 2nd Lieut. Lightly, P./O. C. D. E. Skinner, F./O. R. N. Todd-White, P./O. D. B. Bell-Salter, P./O. P. J. Kelly, Sq.-Ldr. A. H. Hunter (ret.), O.B.E.; (middle row) Flt-Lieut. F. W. Wenn, O.B.E., P./O. H. Y. Landsberg, D.S.O., Flt-Lieut. W. J. Henney, Flt-Lieut. G. Harris, P./O.s. A. C. Pring, J. E. Buckland, E. G. Quiller, T. Smart, R. G. Wigg, F./O. D. McLaren, Flt-Lieut. Kerby-James, F./O. A. S. Hunter, P./O. J. B. Selway, P./O. R. H. Scott, F./O. J. D. St. C. Oliffe-Lee, Flt-Lieut. J. Cunningham, F./O. H. Speke, P./O. J. Hedger, Captain Sir Edward Goschen; (front row) Flt-Lieut. H. Perring, F./O. W. Gray, Sq.-Ldr. L. M. Woolveridge, Flt-Lieut. H. W. Walter, Sq.-Ldrs. E. D. Elliott, L. J. Fletcher, M.B.E., R. A. Budd, Lieut.-Colonel Foulger, T.D., Wing-Com. G. H. Vasse, Brig. Fairtclough, Wing-Com. S. F. Vincent, A.F.C., Lieut.-Colonel Garnet, Sq.-Ldr. G. C. Pinkerton, D.F.C., Major Drummond, M.C. Sq.-Ldr. I. R. Campbell-Orde, Sq.-Ldr. A. M. Wilkinson, D.S.O., T.D., P./O. F. H. Schofield, Flt-Lieuts. W. Simpson, C. G. C. Olive, G. C. Bonner, G. A. W. Saunders; (on ground) 2nd Lieut. Booth, 2nd Lieut. the Hon. E. G. Kinnaird, P./O. E. G. Dineen, F./O. R. T. Wilkins, P./O.s. D. L. Bisgood, F. W. Ratford, J. Runwin-Mann, F./O. J. S. Robinson

#### Unshaken.

to creep!

O the confirmed pessimist such as myself, the inbred optimism of the English is a constant cause of wonder and entertainment. And it is conceivable that it is also a source of strength for the Allies. To the school bully there is no more exasperating person than the small, weedy youth who is in-capable of defending himself yet who, under the fiercest arm-twisting, refuses to admit defeat. Seeking to instil a proper sense of gloom among a number of aviation personalities the other day, I took Mr. Chamberlain's remark about the possibility of this island being invaded, and tried to emphasise its frightfulness. only reply I got was that we should then find a new use for the Albert Hall-in order to house the invaders. People who make that kind of remark just do not deserve to have their flesh made

But of all sorts of optimism the kind one finds in Royal Air Force squadrons is the finest tonic. After gloaming and glooming and glowering over the newspapers, it is as good as a bottle of champagne to go and listen to some of the pilots and aircraft crews who have been on the job in Norway and elsewhere. Their two attitudes to the war in the air are clearly defined; the first is that they are frightened to death by it, and the second is that their overmastering ambition is to have a crack at the These two attitudes seem to Hun. be mutually contradictory—and so to some extent they are. Yet in their contradictoriness is to be found the fundamental truth about the psychology of the civilised person when he goes to war. He is frightened; but his determination to achieve a purpose which he has decided to be worthy over-rides his fear.

#### Heroics.

I believe it is because the flying-man is so frank in acknowledging his fears that the B.B.C. boost-stories about him always sound so false. He is never a hero in his own eyes. If he is to be shown as one to the public, the most delicate touch is needed in

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

the story-telling, and the delicate touch is almost unknown in British broadcasting. The ordinary listener (and I mean listener and not the half-listener of the wireless) sees the real heroism of the aircraft crews much more clearly when, in personal conversation, he hears them describing how frightened they were during some action than when he hears them being "built-up" with lashings of B.B.C. boost.

There is another thing about the attitude of the officers and men of the Royal Air Force. They strike the right note in the

matter of estimating the strength of the Luftwaffe. Mostly one hears the German air force either grossly over-rated or grossly under-rated. The Royal Air Force, it seems to me, has the true measure of it. At any rate, the lower ranks who have been in action against it do not make the fatal mistake of under-estimating its strength. It is certainly true that, for encouragement about the way the war in the air is going, there is nothing better than a frank talk with our first-line aircraft crews.

#### Sir Samuel Hoare.

AS I mentioned the other day, I have seen both the previous administrations in which Sir Samuel Hoare was Secretary of State for Air. Since then he has been suspected of too great an in-

clination to compromise. It has been suggested that forceful and uncompromising action is what we now need in the air, and that Sir Samuel's whole make-up would be against it. I do not agree. No one doubts his ability. And no one doubts that his present office is the greatest test he has yet been called upon to undergo. In brief, he knows that his present activities at the Air Ministry will either make or break him. Because of that he may be trusted to concentrate on this task more intensely than ever before.

He has shown in the past that when he really believes in a thing, he can be remarkably tenacious and remarkably courageous. The way he supported the great airships experiment in this country was an example. I know, of course, that that experiment failed. At the time I was a bitter enemy of the airships, and I predicted that they would fail. But then and now I believe that the fact that we initiated and went through with that bold experiment was to our credit and to the credit of the head of the administration. When the history of aviation comes to be written, Great Britain's work on airships will take an important place. I shall watch Sir Samuel Hoare's work at the Air Ministry with interest and with the fullest confidence.



AIR MARSHAL A. S. BARRATT AND SOME GALLANT FRENCH OFFICERS

The British A.O.C.-in-C. Air Forces in France at a recent inspection of a French aerodrome, whence come some squadrons working in liaison with our own. There was good reason for Air Marshal Barratt's congratulations to our gallant Allies

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THE TATLER [No. 2029, May 15, 1940





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[No. 2029, MAY 15, 1940 THE TATLER

ENTHERIC have imprisoned Lithe splendour of the ages in Bouquet Miracle; it is just right for special evening occasions



 $T^{\text{WEED Bouquet is for women}}_{\text{who revel in the great out-}}$ doors, stretches of heather or

## Good Companions Tweed and Bouquet

 $L_{\text{perfumes, and as a consequence are in}}^{\text{ENTHERIC'S Bouquets are lighter than the}}$ complete harmony with summer. Incidentally, they are pleasantly moderate in price. Bouquet Miracle may be described as sophisticated, while Bouquet Tweed is designed to express the open-air pleasures of country life. It is a perfect complement to tweed tailored suits

 $T_{
m that}^{
m HERE}$  is no doubt Regent Street, are meeting a definite need with their tailoredsuits and dresses. A brochure will be sent on application There are new colour alliances, and in addi tion to the strictly tailored models there are others with soft lines. There is a Hat Bar, too. Typical of this firm's ensembles is the tweed threepiece on the right



 $N_{
m fabric}$  for the coat and skirt above; the arrangement of the stripes is worthy of careful study. Of it one can become the possessor for £7 7s. 0d., while the felt hat which completes the scheme is 25s. There are frocks from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  guineas

Photographs by Hugh White



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In white and pastel shades 75/6

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Reading from top, prices are as follows:

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Diamond, Ruby, Platinum, 18 ct. G	old and	Enar	nel i	Brooch	1	£82 . 0 .	. 0
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Diamond, Platinum and Enamel Bro	och		-	-		£40 . 0.	0
Smaller size in 14 ct. Gold and Enai	mel -	-		-	-	£3.0	. 0
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Platinum, 18 ct. Gold and Enamel I	Brooch		_		_	£10.10	.0

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279



McCall - Beattie

The wedding took place recently in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Callander, between Lieutenant Ralph D. C. McCall, eldest son of Col. R. L. McCall, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. McCall, of Ardoch, Strathyre, and Miss Joan Jordan Beattie, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Jordan Beattie, of The Whins, Callander

#### THREE SPRING BRIDES



Ades - Worley

The marriage took place recently at St. Mark's Church, North Audley St., between Second Lieut. R. Ades, R.A., eldest son of Mr. E. Ades, of Alexandria, and the Hon. Mrs. D. O'Brien, of London, and Miss S. Worley, daughter of the late Sir A. Worley, Bt., C.B.E., and Lady Worley, of Oxshott



Eveleigh - Stow

The wedding also took place recently at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, between Lieutenant Michael L. Eveleigh, 17th/21st Lancers, and Miss Heather Stow, younger daughter of Mr. V. A. S. Stow, C.I.E., and Mrs. Stow, of Mayo College, Ajmer, Rajputana and London

zip week-end bag, top right, in pigskin. Soit, light, with good lock and a very smart buckle and strap. 17" long, £5 10s. Larger size 6 gns.

acro bags, right, have all the assets of a suit case, without the weight. In Canvas, Baghide, Pigskin, Coloured Vaumol Ilides and in Crocodile. Sizes from 22<sup>n</sup> to 28<sup>n</sup> long. The crocodile bag, £21. The hide bag, £6 10s.

**Zip holdall,** below. The up-ended one is made of extremely strong waterproof canvas. It is very roomy and has a lock. The 24" size, as shown, is £1. The other, of best quality baghide, is a leather version of the same shape, size  $28^{\circ}$  as shown, £7 10s.





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KEESHOND

Property of Mrs. Wingfield Digby

Our Annual General Meeting took place on April 24 and was well attended. The business was mostly routine: election of president, vicepresidents, etc., and the passing of the accounts. Lady Faudel Phillips was unanimously re-elected treasurer, with a vote of thanks to Sir Lionel for his help and advice. The sad news was given that Lady Burton was giving up her house in Grosvenor Square; a vote of thanks was given to her for allowing us to have our meetings there. Lady Brownrigg kindly offered her house for our meetings, which was gratefully accepted. The association is in the most flourishing condition and members are standing loyally by it. One of the people present at the meeting was Miss L. C. Smythe ("Lady Betty"). She told me that she had not missed a general meeting since 1897! A good record and she has seen the association through all its vicissitudes.

The Keeshond belongs to the great "Spitz" family, all of which have prick ears and curly tails. Like all of this family they make excellent house dogs as they seem born house clean and are hardy,

#### LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

intelligent, quiet and very good looking. Mrs. Wingfield Digby originally introduced them to England and has one of the foremost kennels still. Her dogs are not only remarkable for their beauty but for their good manners. This is partly explained by the fact that they go everywhere with her, riding, fishing and yachting, which usually makes a dog well behaved. The photograph is of a youngster, daughter of Ch. Simonius, and Ch. Lutine, she was a very slow developer but would have done well at shows now.

A member would like to hear of someone to share her delightful little country house. She would like someone with two or three dogs of her own, small ones. This is rather a chance. Another member has an Australian Terrier bitch pup to give to a really good home, house trained, six months old, most attractive.



POODLES

Property of Mrs. Ionides



GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

Property of Miss Newton-Deakin

The Golden Retriever is a specially handsome attractive dog. They have been very popular both as companions and on show bench for some time, so much so, that at one time there was a danger of their working qualities being overlooked. However the Golden has wise friends who realized this, with the result that now Goldens are second to none in their record at trials and for sport generally. Miss Deakin is one of those who have done their utmost to attain this end. All her dogs are worked. She has at this moment a young dog for sale, son of her Silence of Tone, a well-known dual purpose winner and a consistent winner at trials. This dog is perfectly trained in all branches, gun, house and car, and is ready to do his part of companion both at home and in the field, which is a role Goldens fill to perfection.

The Poodle is a most companionable dog, and excels in brain power. Mrs. Ionides has a wellknown kennel of Poodles of both kinds, and she has done very well with them.

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When you proudly produce a bottle of Pimm's No. 1, a bottle of sparkling lemonade and the necessary glasses, how popular you will be. "Good old you," they will cry. "Where did you get it?" they will ask. For everyone knows how good it is—and, alas, how difficult it is to come by in these wartime days.

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"KONERAY"
PATENT PENDING
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#### Three-minute Breakdown

(Continued from page 270)

and he could see at a glance that the first page was just as he had written it. And later, when alterations and additions were made, they had been contrived so cunningly that they appeared quite natural and did not in any way interrupt the flow of the talk.

What could he do? He looked around the little studio for inspiration. His eyes passed over the dummy bookcase—once he'd actually tried to pull one of those leather-backed books out!across to the headphones hanging on their hooks with their leads plugged into sockets-past the dummy window, where, years ago, the B.B.C. had even supplied an artificial piece of ivy actuated by a synthetic breeze, to tap at the panes. Nothing so far. Over to the twin gramophone turntables—onwards to the loudspeaker cabinet in the corner, with a jug of water and a tumbler standing on top of it. Then back to the coffin-shaped microphone, swinging on its thick rubbery lead between himself and Vogel. Suddenly his eyes lit up.

"My throat's a bit dry," he said shortly.
"I suppose I may get a drink?"

"Certainly, major. Carry on." Vogel waved

the revolver accommodatingly.

As Trehearne got up, he pushed his chair well back and to the left. Then he strolled casually to the loudspeaker cabinet, poured out a little water and drank it. When he returned to the table he pulled the chair straight up. This brought him some distance to the left of the microphone, and to face it he turned half right.

At that moment a voice burred from the loud-

speaker cabinet:

"Hullo, 4A. Are you there, John?" It was cheery old Bill Davis. They had now been connected up to the control panel at the top of the building. If only he could get some warning to him! But as though reading his thoughts, Vogel pushed the revolver forward a

fraction of an inch.
"Hullo, Bill!" Trehearne addressed the

microphone. "Yes, I'm all ready."

"Right!" rasped the loudspeaker. "Now look, John. Announcements are from another studio. So you'll get first a flashing red as a warning, then a steady red to show you're on clear? Good—then stand by—one minute to go." the air, then a green flick to carry on. That

He kept his eye on the clock. The minute emed never-ending. Then at last the long seemed never-ending. Then at last the long hand flicked forward with what seemed even a louder click than usual. Up in a corner near the ceiling a little bulb winked red several times and settled down to a steady glow. Nearby, from another bulb, brilliant green showed for a moment,

then vanished. It was his cue.
"Good afternoon, schools," he began, and followed on smoothly with the first sentence of his script. Then, tensing his muscles to give the utmost control over them, he began to lean forward, slowly, gradually. He glanced round the edge of his script. Vogel was following closely on his copy and showed no signs of perturbation. So far so good. Further forwardfurther—and further. But how long would the scheme take to work? Already he had read the opening page. A few more lines and the first of those damnable alterations would have to go

Then suddenly the studio door swung open. With a startled exclamation, Vogel spun round, and simultaneously Trehearne catapulted himself across the table. Vogel crashed backwards. His revolver, describing an arc in the air, glanced off the loudspeaker cabinet and fell with

a scarcely perceptible thud to the thick

Old Bill Davis, who had provided the interruption, such a situation, whatever it might mean, could have only one reaction. In a stride he was at the side of the studio and had jammed his thumb down on a white button-the "buzzing out" signal. Immediately the red light vanished. For the moment the studio was off the air.

A lucky chance, major!" panted Vogel, his mouth twitching as he eyed his own revolver

now turned upon him by Trehearne.
"Scarcely chance." The major's voice was steady but deadly. "I sat to the left of the microphone, then leant forward. And the sides of these microphones, Vogel, are as dead as those poor devils of Indians would have been. I faded myself out, and knew somebody'd have to come and see what was wrong,"

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